

Look alive
Pick a side
Draw a line
In the sand
You're just the band
They treat us like we're extras in an epic
They treat us like we're mud on their boots
They leave us on the stretchers when the credits roll

Retreating safely to institutes
Where dinner party military forces
Toast themselves with the blood of us all
Smashing regimes between courses
Chanting education, education and war

We're gonna need a lot more cannons
We're gonna need a lot more cannons
If you wanna be home by Christmas
I know there is another way
If you want to see their face again
And I know they feel the same way over there

They're making all the difficult decisions
Politicians and children first
Followed by their personal physicians who say
You will be happy if you expect the worse

Armed with paper straws and a bible
Lamps are going out across
department stores

You will be issued with a rifle
on arrival chaps
For education, education and war

Show us the way to go
Hell or heaven help us
Show us the way to go
Save our souls
Show us the way back home
Save our souls
Show us the way to go

Quick time
Get in Line
Get Behind
The man in front
You're the grunts

Look Pick a side
Draw a line
In the sand
You're just the band
Hell or heaven help us